

What will ensue heereof, there's none can tell.
But by bad courses may be vnderstood,
That their euent can neuer fall out good.

Rich. Go *Bushie* to the Earle of *Wiltshire* streight,
Bid him repaire to vs to *Ely* house,
To see this businesse: to morrow next
We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create in absente of our selfe
Our Vncle *Yorke*, Lord Gouernor of England:
For he is iust, and alwayes lou'd vs well.
Come on our Queene, to morrow must we part,
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

Manet North. Willoughby, & Ross.

Nor. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Ross. And liuing too, for now his sonne is Duke.

Will. Barely in title, not in reuennew.

Nor. Richly in both, if iustice had her right.

Ross. My heart is great: but it must break with silence,
Er't be disburthen'd with a liberall tongue.

Nor. Nay speake thy mind: & let him ne'r speak more
That speakes thy words againe to do thee harme.

Will. Tends that thou dost speake to th' Du. of Hereford,
If it be so, out with it boldly man,

Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.

Ross. No good at all that I can do for him,

Vnlesse you call it good to pitie him,

Bereft and gelded of his patrimonie.

Nor. Now afore heauen, 'tis shame such wrongs are
borne,

In him a royall Prince, and many moe
Of noble blood in this declining Land;
The King is not himselfe, but basely led
By flatterers, and what they will informe
Meerely in hate 'gainst any of vs all,
That will the King seuerely prosecute
Gainst vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.

Ross. The Commons hath he pill'd with greuous taxes
And quite lost their hearts: the Nobles hath he finde
For ancient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Will. And daily new exactions are deuiz'd,
As blankes, beneuolences, and I wot not what:
But what o' Gods name doth become of this?

Nor. Wars hath not wasted it, for war'd he hath not.
But basely yeelded vpon compromise,
That which his Ancestors atchieu'd with blowes:
More hath he spent in peace, then they in warres.

Ross. The Earle of *Wiltshire* hath the realme in Farme.

Will. The Kings growne bankrupt like a broken man.

Nor. Reproach and dissolution hangeth ouer him.

Ross. He hath not monie for these Irish warres:
(His burthenous taxations notwithstanding)

But by the robbing of the banish'd Duke.

Nor. His noble Kinsman, most degenerate King:
Yet seeke no shelter to auoid the storme:
We see the winde sit fore vpon our sailes,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Ross. We see the very wracke that we must suffer,
And vnauoyded is the danger now
For suffering so the causes of our wracke.

Nor. Not so: euen through the hollow eyes of death,
I spie life peering: but I dare not say
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.

Will. Nay let vs share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours

Ross. Be confident to speake Northumberland,
We three, are but thy selfe, and speaking so,

Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
Nor. Then thus: I haue from *Port le Blanc*

A Bay in *Britaine*, receiu'd intelligence,
That *Harry* Duke of *Hereford*, *Ramald* Lord *Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,

His brother Archbishop, late of *Canterbury*,
Sir *Thomas Erpingham*, Sir *John Rainsford*,
Sir *John Norberie*, Sir *Robert Waterton*, & *Francis Quaint*,

All these well furnish'd by the Duke of *Britaine*,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of warre
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And shortly meane to touch our Northern shore:

Perhaps they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the King for *Ireland*.
If then we shall shake off our slavish yoke,
Impe our our drooping Countries broken wing,

Redeeme from broaking pawne the blemish'd Crowne,
Wipe off the dust that hides our Scepters gilt,
And make high Maiestie looke like it selfe,
Away with me in post to *Rauensthorpe*,

But if you faint, as fearing to do so,
Stay, and be secret, and my selfe will go.
Ross. To horte, to horte, vrged doubts to them I feare.

Will. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Queene, Bushy, and Bagot.

Bush. Madam, your Maiesty is too much sad,
You promis'd when you parted with the King,
To lay aside selfe-harming heauinesse,
And entertaine a cheerefull disposition.

Qu. To please the King, I did: to please my selfe
I cannot do it: yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as greefe,
Saue bidding farewell to so sweet a guest

As my sweet *Richard*; yet againe me thinkes,
Some vnborne sorrow, ripe in fortunes wombe
Is comming towards me, and my inward soule
With nothing trembles, at something it greues,

More then with parting from my Lord the King.
Bush. Each substance of a greefe hath twenty shadows,
Which shewes like greefe it selfe, but is not so:

For sorrowes eye, glazed with blinding teares,
Diuides one thing intire, to many obiects,
Like perspective, which rightly gaz'd vpon
Shew nothing but confusion, ey'd awry,

Distinguish forme: so your sweet Maiestie
Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,
Finde shapes of greefe, more then himselfe to waile,
Which look'd on as it is, is naught but shadowes

Of what it is not: then thrice-gracious Queene,
More then your Lords departure weep not, more's not
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrowes eie, (seene)
Which for things true, weepe things imaginary.

Qu. It may be so: but yet my inward soule
Perswades me it is otherwise: how ere it be,
I cannot but be sad: so heauy sad,
As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,

Makes me with heauy nothing faint and shrinke.
Bush. 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady)

Queene.

Qu. 'Tis nothing lesse: conceit is still deriu'd
From some fore-father greefe, mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something greefe,
Or something, hath the nothing that I greefe,
'Tis in reuerfion that I do possesse,
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, 'tis namelesse woe I wot.

Enter Greene.

Gre. Heauen saue your Maiesty, and wel met Gentle-
I hope the King is not yet shipt for *Ireland*. (men)

Qu. Why hop'st thou so? 'Tis better hope he is:
For his designes craue hast, his hast good hope,
Then wherfore dost thou hope he is not shipt?

Gre. That he our hope, might haue retyr'd his power,
and driuen into dispaire an enemies hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this Land.
The banish'd *Bullingbrooke* repeales himselfe,
And with vp-lifted Armes is late arriu'd

At *Rauensthorpe*.

Qu. Now God in heauen forbid.

Gr. O Madam 'tis too true: and that is worse,
The *L. Northumberland*, his yong sonne *Henrie* *Percie*,
The Lords of *Rosse*, *Beaumont*, and *Willoughby*,
With all their powrefull friends are fled to him.

Bush. Why haue you not proclaim'd Northumberland
And the rest of the reuolted faction, Traitors?

Gre. We haue: where vpon the Earle of *Worcester*
Hath broke his staffe, resign'd his Stewardship,
And at the household seruants fled with him to *Bullinbrooke*

Qu. So *Greene*, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And *Bullinbrooke* my sorrowes dismall heyre:
Now hath my soule brought forth her prodegie,
And I a gasping new deliuered mother,

Haue woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow ioyn'd.
Bush. Dispaire not Madam.

Qu. Who shall hinder me?
I will dispaire, and be at enmitie
With couzening hope; he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper backe of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which false hopes linger in extremity.

Enter Yorke

Gre. Heere comes the Duke of *Yorke*.

Qu. With signes of warre about his aged necke,
Oh full of carefull businesse are his lookes:
Vncle, for heauens sake speake comfortable words:
Yor. Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing liues but crosses, care and greefe:
Your husband he is gone to saue farre off,
Whilst others come to make him loofe at home:
Heere am I left to vnder-prop his Land,
Who weake with age, cannot support my selfe:
Now comes the fickle houre that his surfet made,
Now shall he try his friends that flattered him.

Enter a servant.

Ser. My Lord, your sonne was gone before I came.
Yor. He was: why so: go all which way it will:
The Nobler they are fled, the Commons they are cold,
And will I heare reuolt on *Hereford*'s side.

Ser. Get thee to *Plashie* to my sister *Gloster*,
Bid her send me presently a thousand pound,
Hold, take my Ring.

Ser. My Lord, I had forgot
To tell your Lordship, to day I came by, and call'd there,
But I shall greene you to report the rest.

Yor. What is't knaue?

Ser. An houre before I came
Yor. Heau'n for his mercy

Come rushing on this wofull
I know not what to do: I wot
(So my vntruth had not prou'd)

The King had cut off my head
What, are there postes dispart
How shall we do for money

Come sister (Cozen I would faine
Go fellow, get thee home, po
And bring away the Armour

Gentlemen, will you muster
If I know how, or which way
Thus disorderly thrust into

Neuer beleue me. Both are
Th'one is my Soueraigne, who
And dutie bids defend: th'oth

Is my kinsman, whom the King
Whom conscience, and my kin
Well, somewhat we must do

He dispose of you. Gentleme
And meet me presently at *Bar*
I should to *Plashie* too: but t
All is vneuen, and euery thing

Bush. The winde fits faire
But none returns: For vs to
Proportionable to th'enemy,

Gr. Besides our neceessitie
Is neere the hate of those loue
Yor. And that's the wauering

Lies in their purses, and who
By so much fills their hearts w
Bush. Wherein the king

Bag. If iudgement lye in
Because we haue bene euer
Gr. Well: I will for refuge

The Earle of *Wiltshire* is alr
Bush. Thither will I wit
Will the hatefull Commons

Except like *Curres*, to teare
Will you go along with vs?
Bag. No, I will to *Ireland*

Farewell, if hearts presages b
We three here part, that neu
Yor. That's as *Yorke* thinke

Gr. Alas poore Duke, th
Is numbring sands, and drin
Where one on his side fights

Bush. Farewell at once, f
Well, we may meete againe
Bag. I feare me neuer.

Scena

Enter the Duke of Hereford

Bul. How farre is it my

Nor. Beleue me noble

I am a stranger heere in *Glo*

These high wilde hilles, and

Drawes out our miles, and

And yet our faire discourse